
Title: A Mark of Oblivion

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We made our way into
Skara Brae on the facet
of Trammel.

This protected facet had
gone too long without the
presence of Obilvion being
slammed into it. Now
was the time. The ones
that I accompanied were
the finest practitioners
of the dark arts to ever
be seen in a life time.
Darlantan, Drake, Lynne
Darkthorne, Havas,
Dragonica, Xavori and
myself. Also
accompanying us was
Mayor Treadeau De'Rome
of Caina. We proceeded
to all line up and face
Xavori, who was leading
this grand tribute to
Obilvion. Dragonica stood
directly in front
him... There we
stood, dressed in the
blackest of robes holding
torches that burned of
infernal flames... The
ritual had not even
started before the simple
minded citizens of Skara
Brae began to gawk and
wonder as to what we
were. Then came the
beautiful callings of
Obilvion! Xavori led us in
the callings, and we
repeated with our voices.
Oh, how it was pleased
with our blessings! And
yet... it needed
more... Much more was
needed to corrupt this
city... Xavori gave a
signal to us all... I saw
a brief smile upon the

face of Dragonia.
Lightening rained down
upon her until she was no
more... Many of the
citizens began to scream
in terror as they
witnessed "murder" in
their fair city streets.
We gave a final offering
to Obilvion and then
departed. I could feel
Obilvion chuckling with
pleasure. It had been
done. Skara Brae has
now been claimed by
Obilvion.

In Eternal Darkness,

Rune Artisem
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